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take the least notice of them, were it not for the fact that this, the above proceeding, was known to be the best means of tickling the vanity of the owners, whose money or influence was wanted.

What they (the daily papers) did expect of the architect of a building which had to be noticed, was that he should prepare a flaming description of the same, in order to spare them the trouble and expense of having it done. The bolder the praise the better they liked it, but woe to the artist who was not hardened enough to blow his own trumpet. Upon him they wreaked their vengeance because he thus deprived them of an opportunity of cheaply gaining a subscriber, and he was at once put down as incapable, or entirely ignored.

It is even so with paintings and sculpture. Some years ago a Chinaman, whose name is so obliterated that I cannot give it you in full—it is something like *Pich-im*, sent a picture to the city of Tze-Kiang to be sold. As the picture was so poor that no one would buy it, in spite of its enormous size, and as it was not worth the freight back again to China proper, the cunning Chinaman presented it to the city of Tze-Kiang, with a view to having himself properly advertised throughout the republic of Kiang. The Py-cho-long of Tze-Kiang and his Council, instead of regarding the offer as an insult, received the picture with thanks, and it is to this day to be seen as a memento of the folly of the age and of its impudence, for it hung among the national and state relics in the great hall of the citizen's temple of the city of Tze-Kiang.

THOUGH the principles of taste be universal, and nearly, if not entirely, the same in all men; yet few are qualified to give judgment on any work of art, or establish their own sentiment as the standard of beauty. The organs of intellectual sensation are seldom so perfect as to allow the general principles the full play, and produce a feeling correspondent to those principles. They either labor under some defect, or are vitiated by some disorder; and by that means, excite a sentiment which may be pronounced erroneous. When the critic has no delicacy, he judges without any distinction, and is only affected by the grosser and more palpable qualities of the object: the finer touches pass unnoticed and disregarded. Where he is not aided by practice, his verdict is attended with confusion and hesitation. Where no comparison has been employed, the most frivolous beauties, such as rather merit the name of defects, are the object of his admiration. Where he lies under the influence of prejudice, all his natural sentiments are perverted. Where good sense is wanting, he is not qualified to discern the beauties of design and reasoning, which are the highest and most excellent. Under some or other of these imperfections, the generality of men labor; and hence a true judge in the finer arts is observed, even during the most polished ages, to be so rare a character: strong sense, united to delicate sentiment, improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice, can alone entitle critics to this valuable character: and the joint verdict of such, wherever they are to be found, is the true standard of taste and beauty.—*Hume*.

TO A BIRD.

EARLIEST warbler of the year,
What a welcome song is thine!
Coming ere the buds appear
On the tree or tangled vine.

Winter scarce has said adieu,
Not a wild flower to be seen
Peeping thro' the frozen dew,
Not a single blade of green.

Yet, the something in thy heart
Tells thee spring will come to bless;
And you straight begin your part,
Piping in the wilderness.

Nought to add, and nought to spare,
Still the self-same song you sing,
Perfect at the first, and now,
Ave! ave to the spring!

Ah! thou art like dawn of day
To the sleepless weary-eyed;
Or like young humility
Springing in the heart of pride.

Or like moonrise on the sea,
That reveals the wished-for shore;
Or like flowers that silently
Bloom o'er those we see no more!

Other birds have finer notes,
But they wait till skies are fair,
Ere they tune their gentle throats;
Thine are heard when earth is bare.

Deeper than my listening ear
Let thy song of hope descend!
May a meaning still more dear
With thy strains of gladness blend!

Hint at something finer still
Than the shadows of the leaves,
Or the lily by the rill,
Ruddy fruit, or yellow sheaves!

That the spring may be to me
Type of the eternal spring;
And while listening to thee,
Learn in darkest day to sing.

B.

PRaise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise. It is here not only necessary, that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only petty services and easy virtues. . . . The real satisfaction which praise can afford is by repeating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by showing us that we have not endeavored to deserve well in vain. Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach.—*Johnson*.